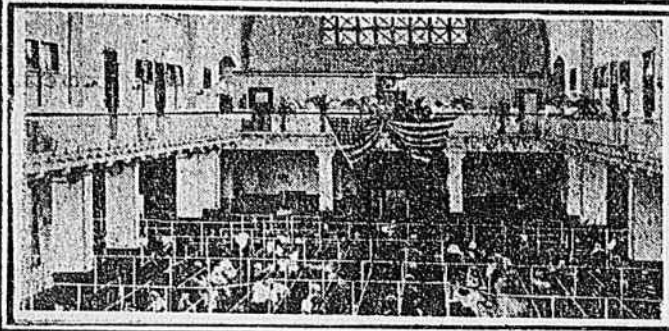
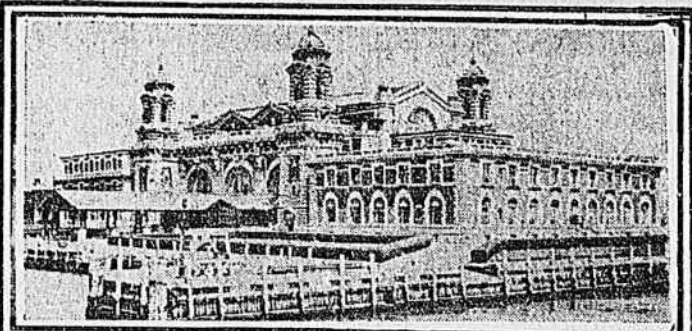


How Foreigner Breaks Into This Country



My next experience was in the Registry Hall.



The main building, Ellis Island. Our large boats right up to the doors.



ONE OF THE IMMIGRANTS. "Behind me was a fine-looking old woman, with a white handkerchief over her head."

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
New York City.
THIS is the story of an immigrant. Not of a real Simon-pure immigrant, but of myself in immigrant clothes.

I came to New York with a letter from Mr. Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to Mr. Williams, the commissioner of immigration at Ellis Island. The letter requested that I be shown all the processes and given all information as to how the foreigner breaks into this country. Uncle Sam is adopting into our national family more than one million new brothers and sisters each year. He keeps rushing them in at the rate of two or three thousand a day, or of more than 100 an hour from midnight to midnight all the year through.

How do these people get in? Who are they? What are they? Where do they come from? Where do they go? Can we digest them? Or will they be like a lump of sour dough on Uncle Sam's stomach, poisoning our national family?

The Experience of One Immigrant.
I shall answer the last question first, and that by my experience as an immigrant. The first chapter of it is imaginary. You must suppose me a peasant in some little town in South-eastern Europe. My wages are less than a quarter a day, and the chief part of my diet is brown bread and water. One morning a smooth, well-dressed man comes and offers me all sorts of inducements to go across the ocean. He paints the United States as a country where gold dollars can be picked up in the streets, and finally persuades me to pay enough out of my savings to buy a steamship ticket to New York. The ticket is for the steamer and it costs me \$35. Armed with it I go to Fiume, which is my nearest port and, after being examined and fumigated, am hurried with 2,000 others into the hold of a steamer. It is the steamship company that causes my going. My passage helps to pay the dividends, and that is the reason their agent has called upon me. They get the worth of their money. I pay them one-third or one-half as much as a first cabin passenger, but I sleep in a bunk, away down below decks in a room with hundreds of others. I eat my meals out of tin pots and pans, and I have a luxurious toilet place, between rails, on the bare floor, where seafaring men, women and children, my fellow-passengers, lie sprawling around.

After fifteen days of fairly good sailing I have passed out of the Mediterranean, have crossed the Atlantic,

and have steamed by the great Statue of Liberty to the docks of New York. There the cabin passengers have been landed, and I have been shoved with the rest of my fellows into a barge, and carried to the little archipelago, surrounded by water called Ellis Island. The islands are covered with buildings which seem to float on the harbor. They are joined by bridges, and our large boats right up to the doors.

Number 25—Group "P."
In the meantime the two thousand of us have been sorted and herded in groups. This was done on the steamer. There was given a card showing his group and his number. I was in Group "P." This is printed on a white card which is pinned to my breast, the officers having cautioned me to keep it in sight. I have also had to sign a long paper of answers to all sorts of questions. I have given my full name and my age, have stated whether I was a man or a woman, whether I was married or single and whether I had to state where I was going, and whether my passage was paid by myself or any other person, corporation, society, municipality or government. I had to tell what money I had or whether it was as much as \$20; and if I was going to join friends on this side, I gave answers to the questions whether I had been in prison, or the poor house, or in an insane asylum, and also whether I was mentally or physically deficient, deformed or crippled, and, if yes, for how long and what made me so. This paper and my signature I was fated to meet with later on.

I had also passed the quarantine doctors at Sandy Hook, where they looked me over to see if I had any contagious diseases and had failed to find upon me any sign of cholera, smallpox, yellow fever or plague. After all this I had expected to go right through Ellis Island and to at once land on the golden streets of New York.

How Immigrants Are Examined.
How mistaken I was! At the beginning instead of at the end of the process of breaking through Uncle Sam's doors. The thirty of group "P," most of us carrying our baggage, were taken across the dock into a hallway and rushed single file up a long stair of stairs. At the top of these are passed into a room where a dozen men in uniform stood. We then walked across into an alley shut off by railings so that only one could go ahead at a time. The men in uniform were the doctors of the marine hospital service. The first man who inspected me was on the outlook for any signs of deformity or contagious disease. He looked at my legs to see if they were the same length and sound, he grabbed at my collar to see if I had the goitre, and with his eyes



This Greek immigrant came in the other day.

examined me from my crown to my toe for signs of tuberculosis. I had noticed that he had put a chalk mark on the girl ahead of me and was relieved when he let me go by.

Testing the Immigrants' Eyes.
A little further on I came to a gate where another doctor was standing. I could feel his eyes go through me as I approached, and then I felt him go through my eyes. He had a little wooden stick not bigger than a toothpick, and much like the orange stick you use in nail cleaning. He grabbed my right eyelid and bent it back so that he could see the whole ball of the eye. He then took the left eyelid and did the same. He was looking for contagious trachoma, or ophthalmia, and had it been there he would have taken me out of the ranks and made the steamship company carry me back whence I came. This is done with every immigrant, and the immigration doctors look at two million eyes in this way every year.

My eyes were all right, however, and I was allowed along with those who could be passed, as far as their health was concerned. It was far different with others, but of them I shall speak farther on. I should say at least 25 per cent. were held back for special inquiry, each receiving a yellow card bearing their names and the reasons why they were held.

Passing the Inspectors.
My next experience was in the registry hall. This is a great room cover-

A FAMILY OF IMMIGRANTS. THESE ARE GIPSY FROM SERVIA.

ing about half an acre and filled with a network of alleys inclosed by iron pipe fences. Each of the alleys is devoted to one group of immigrants, and the groups are labeled A, B, C, D, E, etc., to correspond with the letters borne by those who come from the ship. At the end of each alley is an inspector in uniform with a tall desk before him.

He speaks a half dozen languages, and catches each immigrant as he goes through. He makes him pass all the tests for admission, and if he belongs to the objected classes decides against him, marks him L, P, C, or I, liable to become a public charge, and puts him on the road back to Europe. There were two pretty Serbian girls in front of me, and the questions asked them made me think that the officer suspected that they might be "white slaves." Behind me was a fine-looking old woman, with a white handkerchief over her head. She was asked to her relatives, and whether they would support her on landing.

I moved along with the crowd, and when I came to the gate I found that the inspector had the long sheet of answers which I had written out on the steamer. He asked each question to see if I was telling the truth. When I told him I had \$15 he made me take it out and count it before him. I observed that the two girls in front of me each had eight gold pieces of the denomination of 20 marks. The man asked to them in German, and the girl in front of them was addressed in Polish. Indeed, he seemed to have a whole babel of languages at his tongue's end.

It took him about two minutes to finish my examination, and after he was convinced that I was honest and not liable to become a public charge he gave me a yellow ticket stamped O, K., and as I passed out I was at last in America.

Railway Arrangements.

This ticket only was given me because I intended to stay in New York. Many of the other immigrants who were passed through had in addition tickets marked "R," and later on they were loaded by the names of the railroads by which they were to go to the West or to other parts of the country. I followed some of them into a room which was like a great railroad depot. There was a bank at one end for the changing of money with the cashier's window. There were officers where one could buy tickets, and places where the baggage could be checked direct upon them. There were also lunch counters selling bags of food for 50 cents or \$1 and every other convenience to help the immigrant on his way. The bags were large and the food was good. Indeed, I doubt whether one can get as much for the money anywhere else in New York. This is all regulated by law.

The immigrants bound for other parts of the country are taken charge of by the railroads and put on the right cars, and they are carefully watched and cared for by the railroads until they reach their destination.

Sent Back to Europe.

So much for the immigrant who gets in. I think there is too many of him and that the country would be far better off if two-thirds at least of him and his family were kept out of the United States, but according to the laws he is admitted and the future must be settled by Congress.

And now as to the would-be immigrants who are sent back. They are brought here at the risk of the steamship companies who carry them and are sometimes sent in by countries and cities abroad who want to get rid of supporting them and make Uncle Sam pay the bills. The classes who are excluded are definitely set down in the laws. Here is a list of them as the commissioner of immigration has given it to me:

Idiot, imbeciles, feeble-minded persons and epileptics. Insane persons who have been insane within five years. Paupers and persons likely to become a public charge. Persons having tuberculosis or a dangerous contagious disease. Persons suffering from mental or physical defects which may affect their ability to earn a living. Criminals, polygamists and anarchists. Prostitutes and procurers. Contract laborers. Persons whose passage has been paid for by any association, municipality or foreign government, and, lastly, children under sixteen unaccompanied by a parent.

How They Cheat Uncle Sam.

All sorts of frauds are attempted to get these classes through. Diseased

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eyes are doctored and the lame are taught to walk without limping as they pass by the inspectors. Lies innumerable are told by the immigrants and every trick is played to pass through the registry hall. Just now an expert cure is taken as to girls who might be brought in as "white slaves." The long immigrant incident is detained, and if there is any suspicion concerning her she goes back to Europe. Any one suspected of disease is examined by several doctors, and it takes the O. K. of three of them to let him go through.

To show how important these restrictions are, more than 24,000 immigrants were shut out of the United States last year upon this ground, and of these almost 16,000 were paupers and likely to become public charges. More than 3,000 had potholes or contagious diseases, 580 were criminals, and more than 300 were prostitutes, and about 1,800 were laborers who came to work under contract.

One Million New Brothers and Sisters.

And now let us look at the million new brothers and sisters who get in. We have adopted them all into our national family. Who are they and where do they come from? I wish you could have tramped over Ellis Island with me and taken a look for yourselves at the sawedoff, anemic, unintelligent classes who passed through the doors at the same time I did. There were more than 2,500 of them altogether, and the majority were underaged and uneducated. They came from Southeastern Europe, and were composed largely of Hungarians, Slavs, Italians, kypses and Polish and Russian Jews. They were in about the same proportion as those more than a year ago. In 1910 we admitted 1,611,000 immigrants, and of these more than 500,000 were shipped here from Europe. We had more than a quarter of a million from Austria-Hungary, more than 200,000 from Italy and 150,000 from the Russian Empire and Finland.

There was only a bagatelle from North Europe, and the bulk of the whole came from the Southeastern countries of that continent, where from 25 to 50 per cent. of the people are illiterate, and where in some places more than half the population can neither read nor write. This holds true of the immigrants we are now getting, and it is in striking contrast to those who came in in the past.

For many years our adopted brothers and sisters were from England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany and Scandinavia. Among these the percentage of education was high. Only about 1 per cent. of the Germans were illiterate, and 1 per cent. of the English and Scotch. Only 3 per cent. of the Irish could not read and write, and the same was true of the Finns, while the illiteracy among the Swedes and Norwegians ran as low as one in a hundred.

The people we are bringing in now are almost barbarians in comparison with those we had a generation ago, and the question is how Uncle Sam is to take care of them and still maintain the high standard of American character.

I cannot see how he is to maintain even the standard of American physique. Unting these pygmies from Southeastern Europe with our tall, broad-shouldered men of the South and the prairies is like trying to improve the Percheron horse and the Shetland pony. The only difference is that the Shetlands are more hardy and sturdy in comparison than many of the immigrants we are now bringing in.

The Great American Peril.

We talk of the yellow peril, and shudder as we think of Chinese and Japanese immigration. I believe one of our greatest perils to-day is from European immigration, and also in the exploitation of our country by a lot of steamship companies whose stock is owned in Europe, and whose only aim is to keep up their dividends. In the past the bulk of the immigrants began on the West, and their citizenship was in the West. The pure, fresh air of America and the smell of old Mother Earth, a part of whom was owned by themselves for the first time, drove the servility of Europe out of their veins, and by association with Americans and contact with American problems they were finally ground over into good American citizens.

Congesting the Cities.

Now the immigrant comes in by the million, and hundreds of thousands of them are dropped down into New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and other big cities. They lead there a life much the same as in Europe. Many of them go to the sweatshops, and their blood is thinned by the dust of the factory or mine. They speak their

own language and intermarry. They have their own newspapers, and are largely moved by politicians or agitators who preach socialism and anarchism free from restraint.

The situation is indeed far different from anything we have had in the past, and it becomes more and more serious from year to year. I have before me the numbers of immigrants who have landed in this country since 1892. There have been, all told, twenty-eight or twenty-nine millions, and of them about one-fourth have come in within the past five years. We struck the million mark first in 1905. We brought in another million in 1906, and more than a million and a quarter in 1907. In the two following years times were hard and there was a decrease, but in 1910 we came up to a million again, and this year we have even more. Can Uncle Sam stand it? The question harks big in our prospects for the future, and it is one that should be settled forthwith.

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HOT SPRINGS

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Hot Springs, Va., December 30.—If enough snow falls within a day or two, will be a New Year's treat for the Hot Springs. The open season for bear is on, and J. W. Harper, with one of the guides of the neighborhood, has located the trail of a brown bear on the mountain two or three miles south of the Hot Springs. The sportsmen are only waiting a light snowfall before starting out with dogs to track him.

Beginning on Christmas Day, when numerous dinners and luncheons have been done this week. The Homestead Hotel and cottages have presented a festive appearance, with holly and Christmas greens, while Yule logs have burned brightly on the hearths, and egg nog has been dispensed by every hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gunton have entertained at luncheon and a number of guests being Mrs. James B. Hendricks, of Glen Cove, L. I., and her brother, L. K. Scudder, of New York.

Mrs. Edgar A. Pole entertained a house party over Christmas, among whom were Mrs. James McInerney, Mrs. Cassoline and Marjory McInerney, and Mrs. Hamilton and James McInerney, Jr., and S. T. Woolley, of New York.

Samuel Sellsion Hinkleley, of New York, joined his mother, Mrs. R. Nelson Hinkleley, and his brother, Julian Hinkleley, at the Homestead for Christmas, and returned to New York during the week.

The Rev. and Mrs. James Avery Norris have entertained at the Presbyterian manse and at the Homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh S. Knox, here

from New York on their honeymoon, will not join the Secretary of State and Mrs. Rex at their farm at Valley Forge for New Year's, but will continue to occupy one of the Homestead cottages for several weeks.

There has been considerable golf playing on the links this week. Charles Hinkleley, of Cincinnati, is an indefatigable enthusiast, and others playing have been James T. Barrett, of Lawrenceville, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Magrini, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Rand, and the Misses Rand, Miss J. White, and W. M. and J. M. Loomis, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Irving Martin and B. S. Sheldon, with James B. Kern, Miss Marian Kern, H. Kern and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Tuska, arrived at the Homestead this week for Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Martin have ridden frequently, as have Miss S. W. Masters, of Hobbs Ferry, and Mr. and Mrs. Knox.

Mrs. James B. Hendricks has invitations out for a large dinner, to be followed by a luncheon on her return to New York the first of January. District Attorney Samuel F. Ryan, of Philadelphia, has spent the week here, and has played considerable golf.

HARRISONBURG

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Harrisonburg, Va., December 30.—Dr. Lucien Heneberger, medical director of the United States Navy, with headquarters in Washington, was a guest this week of Judge G. G. Gratton. Dr. Heneberger was a surgeon on the armored cruiser Tennessee, is visiting his parents at Timberville.

Rev. John W. Duffey, D. D., of Winchester, was the guest this week of W. S. Southall.

Miss Frances Sibert is visiting Miss Frances Menfies in Waynesboro. H. R. Southall, of Philadelphia, is visiting his father, Wm. Southall, Professor and Mrs. C. G. Maples, of Charlottesville, spent several days last week as guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Ed. S. Conrad.

Ernest McCorkle, of Bluefield, spent the holidays with his father, W. O. McCorkle.

Miss Beatie Arthur, of Winchester, is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Stuckley and son, Joseph Tyler, are spending the winter in Palm Beach, Fla.

Mrs. are the guests of Lexington, in the guest of Mrs. M. T. Tabler, in Elkton.

Miss Ellen Radford, of Forest, Bedford county, is the guest of Miss Mary Jarman, in Elkton.

Miss Elizabeth Patterson is visiting Miss Bessie Paul Gassman in Lexington.

Miss Bessie Brand, of Piedmont, W. Va., is visiting Mrs. Philip Efinger.

Mrs. are the guests of Chautauque, Tenn., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dutrow, this week.

Mrs. Claude McFall, of Terra Haute, Ind., formerly Miss Nan Yancey, is visiting relatives here.

Start the New Year Right

with good resolutions. None is more commendable than the resolution to save money and nothing is more easy to do, if attempted in the right way.

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